Boston, Sept. 28, 1836.

Dear and venerated Sir:

43 If I have nothing more to write about than the state of dear Henry's health, you will not deem this hasty epistle uninteresting. Doubtless bro. George has already informed you, by letter, from Providence, (as he is now in that city, but will return on Friday, and stay awhile longer,) that, up to the time he left Boston, Henry's symptoms were decidedly better. He still continues to improve, and is in very good spirits. — His pulse has been reduced from 112 to less than seventy, and is now quite regular. The inflammation in his mouth and throat has subsided, and his cough is no longer troublesome. For the last three nights, he has slept comfortably, without sweating. His appetite, moreover, is good, without being ravenous. — On the whole, there has been most certainly a decided improvement in his health, which, with the Doctor's confident assertion that he can effect a cure, furnishes strong ground for believing that his case is not hopeless. Still, after all, we may be disappointed, and heavenly wisdom will prompt us to be prepared for the result, whatever it may be. For my own part, I consider his removal to Boston as signally providential. Had he tarried a little longer in Brooklyn, Dr. Harrington thinks nothing could have saved him. He is now under the hospitable roof of my excellent Quaker friend Joseph Southwick, much to his own satisfaction, where every attention is paid him, and all that he desires is realised. Mrs. Southwick is one of the best of women, a capital physician herself, and very much attached to Henry — she will be almost his own mother to him. —

We ought all of us to feel very thankful to these kind and estimable friends, that they have volantarily opened their doors to receive him in his present condition. There are few persons who like to receive an individual, not related, into their family, especially if he is an invalid, and more especially in a city like Boston. You will hardly need the suggestion, that it would doubtless be very pleasing to friend Southwick, if you should send him a letter, thanking him for what he has done, and is doing, for Henry; for he will accept of no compensation. Direct to Joseph Southwick, Esq. Boston, should you write to him.

This forenoon, our mutual friend Mr. Gray left two letters at the office from sister Anna, — one for Helen, and the other for Henry, — which were very gratifying. I did not see Mr. Gray, but he promised to call again.

A bundle and a letter were also received today from my beloved friend and coadjutor Mr. May. How large a debt of gratitude do I owe to that dear man, as well as to many other friends! You will give him my thanks, and tell him I shall try to send him a letter by the next mail, in which I shall mention one of the most extraordinary cases of courage, self-consecration, benevolence, sagacity, and heroism, on the part of a colored man now in this city, but formerly a slave in Virginia.

On Monday evening I attended the monthly concert of prayer for slaves and slave-masters, and made some remarks to the audience. Bro. George followed

me, and spoke with cogency, and to good effect. A collection of $9,28 cts. was taken up in aid of the colored man already alluded to.

The abolition men in this city are somewhat drowsy, but the women are, as usual, wide awake, and the life of the cause. I must put some goads into the former, and spur them up.

Yesterday there was a great procession in this city in honor of the late President Madison, and a eulogy was pronounced by John Quincy Adams, but I did not hear it. Alas, for the memory of Madison, that he left more than one hundred slaves in bondage, not having principle or generosity enough to emancipate one at his death! The world may call him a patriot — but at the bar of God he will be recognised as a man-stealer.

To-day I removed Helen and the babe from Mrs. Southwick to Miss Parker; but we are confined to one room at present. Of course, we are all yet in confusion, and it is with difficulty I have allotted to myself time enough to write these imperfect lines. You, and dear mother, and all at home, will be glad to hear that little George continues to thrive, and is thought to be a very fine child by all who see him.

Dear Helen joins with me in desiring to be affectionately remembered to you all, and to Mr. and Mrs. May. You shall have another letter soon.

With high esteem, I remain,

Yours, dutifully, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.

George Benson, Esq.

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.